THE NAMELESS MAN.

Mr. Barnes was sitting in his private room, with nothing of special importance to occupy his thoughts, when his office

boy announced a visitor. "What name? asked Mr. Barnes.

"None," was the reply, "You mean," said the detective, "that the man did not give you his name. He must have one, of course. Show him in." A minute later the stranger entered. and, bowing courteously, began the conversation at once.

"Mr. Barnes, the famous detective, I believe' said he. "My ame is Barnes," replied the de-

tective. "May I have the pleasure of knowing yours?" "I sincerely hope so," continued the stranger. "The fact is, I suppose I have

forgotten it." "Forgotten your name?" Mr. Barnes scented an interesting case and became doubly attentive.

"Yes," said the visitor. "That is precisely my singular predicament. I seem to have lost my identity. That is the object of my call. I wish you to discover who I am. As I am evidently a full-grown man I can certainly claim that I have a past history, but to me that past is entirely a blank. I awoke this morning in this condition, yet apparently in possession of all my faculties, so much so that I at once saw the advisability of consulting a first-class detective, and, upon inquiry, I was directed to you."

"Your case is most interesting, from my point of view, I mean. To you, of course, it must seem unfortunate. Yet It is not unparalleled. There have been many such cases recorded, and for your temporary relief I may say that sooner or later complete restoration of memory usually occurs. But now let us try to unravel your mystery as soon as possible that you may suffer as little inconvenience as there need be. I would like to ask you a few questions."

"As many as you like, and I will do my best to answer." "Do you think that you are a New

"I have not the least idea whether I am or not."

"You say you were advised to consult ie. By whom?"

"The clerk at the Waldorf Hotel, where I slept last night."

"Then, of course, he gave you my address. Did you find it necessary to ask him how to find my offices?"

"Well, no, I did not, That seems strange, does it not? I certainly had no difficulty in coming here. I suppose that must be a significant fact, Mr. Barnes?" It tends to show that you have been familiar with New York, but we must still find out whether you live here or not. How did you register at the hotel?"

M. J. G. Remington, city." "You are sure that Remington is mot your name?" "Quite sure. After breakfast this morning I was passing through the lobby when the clerk called me twice by that name. Finally one of the hall boys me on the shoulder and exlained that I was wanted at the desk. was very much confused to find myself called 'Mr. Remington,' a name which certainly is not my own. Before I fully realized my position I said to the clerk: 'Why do you call me Rem-ington?' and he replied: 'Because you

registered under that name.' I tried to pass it off, but I am sure that the clerk ooks upon me as a suspicious charac-What baggage have you with you at the hotel?

'None. Not even a satchel." "May there not be something in your pockets that would help us; letters, for "I am sorry to say that I have made a search in that direction, but found nothing. Luckily I did have a pocket book, though."

"Much money in it?"
"In the neighborhood of \$500." Mr. Barnes turned to his table and made a few notes on a pad of paper. While so engaged his visitor took out fine gold watch, and, after a glance at the face, was about to return it to his

pocket when Mr. Barnes wheeled around n his chair and said: "That is a handsome watch you have there. Of a curious pattern, too. I am rather interested in old watches." The stranger seemed confused for an

instant and quickly put up his watch, There is nothing remarkable about it. Merely an old family relic. I value it more for that than anything else. But about my case. Mr. Barnes, how

long do you think it will take to re-store my identity to me? It is rather awkward to go about under a false "I should think so," said the detective. "I will do my best for you, but you have given me absolutely no clew

to work upon, so that it is impossible to say what my success will be. Still I think forty-eight hours should suffice. At least in that time I ought to make some discoveries for you. Suppose you call again on the day after to-morrow at noon precisely. Will that suit you?"
"Very well indeed. If you can tell me who I am at that time I shall be more than convinced that you are a great detective, as I have been told." He arose and prepared to go, and

upon the instant Mr. Barnes touched a button under his table with his foot. which caused a bell to ring in a distant part of the building, no sound of which penetrated the private office. Thus any one could visit Mr. Barnes in his den and might leave unsuspicious of the fact that a spy would be awaiting him out in the street who would shadow him persistently day and night until recalled by his chief. After giving the signal Mr. Barnes held his strange visitor in conversation a few minutes longer to allow his spy opportunity to get to his

"How will you pass the time away, Mr. Remington?" said he. "We may as well call you by that name until I find

"Yes, I suppose so. As to what I shall do during the next forty-eight hours, why, I think I may as well devote myself to seeing the sights. It is a remarkably pleasant day for a stroll, and I think I will visit your beautiful Central

"A capital idea. By all means I would advise occupation of that kind. It would be best not to do any business until your memory is restored to you." Business.

"No. If you were to order any goods, for example, under the name of Remington later on when you resume your proper identity you might be arrested

"By George, I had not thought of that. My position is more serious than I had realized. I thank you for the warning.

Sight-seeing will assuredly be my safest plan for the next two days." "I think so. Call at the time agreed upon and hope for the best. If I should need you before then I will send to your

Then saying "Good morning." Mr. Barnes turned to his desk again, and. as the stranger looked at him before stepping out of the room, the detective ied engrossed with some papers before him. Yet scarcely had the door closed upon the retreating form of his recent visitor when Mr. Barnes looked up with an air of expectancy. A moment later a very tiny bell in a drawer of his desk rang, indicating that the man had left the building, the signal having been sent to him by one of his employes, whose business it was to watch all de-

of his hair that more than a casual glance would have been required to

When he reached the street the stranger was nowhere in sight, but Mr. Barnes went to a doorway opposite, and there he found, written in blue pencil, the word "up," whereupon he walked rapidly uptown as far as the next corner, where once more he examined a door post, upon which he found the word "right," which indicated the way the men ahead of him had turned. Beyond this he could expect no signals, for the spy shadowing the stranger did not know positively that his chief would take part in the game. The two sig-nals which he had written on the doors were merely part of a routine, and in-ta ded to aid Mr. Barnes should he fol-15 ; but if he did so, he would be expected to be in sight of the spy by the time the second signal was reached.

And so it proved in this instance, for as Mr. Barnes turned the corner to the right he easily discerned his-man about two blocks ahead, and presently was near enough to see "Remington" also. The pursuit continued until Mr. Barnes was surprised to see him enter the park. thus carrying out his intention as stated in his interview with the detective. Entering at the Fifth avenue gate, he made his way toward the menagerie, and here a curious incident occurred. The stranger had mingled with the crowd in the monkey house and was enjoying the antics of the mischievous little animals when Mr. Barnes, getting close behind him, deftly removed a pocket handkerchief from the tail of his coat and swiftly transferred it to his

On the day following, shortly before noon, Mr. Barnes walked quickly into the reading room of the Fifth-avenue Hotel. In one corner there is a handsome mahogany cabinet containing three compartments, each of which is entered through double doors having glass panels in the upper half. About these panels are draped yellow silk curtains, and in the center of each appears a white porcelain numeral. These compartments are used as public telephone stations, the applicant being shut in, so as to be free from the noise of the outer

Mr. Barnes spoke to the girl in charge and then passed into the compartment numbered 2. Less than five minutes later Mr. Leroy Mitchel came into the reading room. His keen eyes peered about him, scanning the countenances of those busy with the papers or writing, and then he gave the telephone girl a number and went into the compartment numbered 1. About ten minutes elapsed before Mr. Mitchel came out again, and, having paid the toll, he left the hotel. When Mr. Barnes emerged there was an expression of extreme sat-isfaction upon his face. Without linger-ing he also went out. But instead of following Mr. Mitchel through the main lobby to Broadway, he crossed the reading room and reached Twenty-third street through the side door. Thence he proceeded to the station of the elevated railroad and went uptown. Twenty minutes later he was ringing the bell of Mr. Mitchel's residence. The buttons who answered his summons informed him that his master was not at home. "He usually comes in to luncheon, however, does he not?" asked the de-

"Yes, sir," responded the boy.

"Miss Rose?" .

"Ah! Then I'll vait. Take my card Mr. Barnes passed into the luxurious drawing room and was soon joined by

Rose, Mr. Mitchel's adopted daughter. "I am sorry papa is not at home, Mr. Barnes," said the little lady, "but he will surely be in to luncheon, if you will "Yes, thank you, I think I will. It is quite a trip up, and, being here, I may as well stop a while and see your father.

though the matter is not of any great importance. "Some interesting case, Mr. Barnes? If so, do tell me about it. You know I am almost as much interested in your cases as papa is."

"Yes, I know you are and my vanity is flattered. But I am sorry to say I have nothing on hand at present worth relating. My errand is a very simple one. Your father was saying a few days ago that he was thinking of buying a bicycle, and yesterday, by accident, I came across a machine of an entirely new make which seems to me superior to anything vet produced. I thought he might be interested to see it before deciding what kind to buy. "I am afraid you are too late, Mr. Barnes. Papa has bought a bicycle al-

ready. "Indeed! What style did he choose?" "I really do not know, but it is down in the lower hall if you care to look at

"It is hardly worth while, Miss Rose. After all, I have no interest in the new model, and if your father has found something that he likes I won't even mention the other to him. It might only make him regret his bargain. Still, on second thought, I will go down with you if you will take me into the dining room and show me the head of that noose which your father has been bragging about killing. I believe it has come back from the taxidermist's?"

"Oh, yes. He is just a monster. Come They went down to the dining room and Mr. Barnes expressed great admiration about the moose's head and praised Mr. Mitchel's skill as a marksman. But he had taken a moment to scrutinize the bicycle which stood in the hallway while Rose was opening the blinds in the dining room. Then they returned to the drawing room, and after little more conversation Mr. Barnes departed, saying that he could not wait any longer, but he charged Rose to tell her father that he particularly desired him to call at noon on the following

Promptly at the time appointed Remington walked into the office of Mr. Barnes and was announced. The detective was in his private room. Mr. Leroy Mitchel had been admitted but a few moments before.

"Ask Mr. Remington in," said Mr. Barnes to his boy, and when that gentleman entered, before he could show surprise to find a third party present, the detective said: "Mr. Mitchel, this is the gentleman whom I wish you to meet. Permit me to introduce to you Mr. Mortimer J. Goldie, better known to the sporting fraternity as G. J. Mortimer, the cham-

pion short-distance bicycle rider, who recently rode a mile in the phenomenal time of 1:56 on a quarter-mile track." As Mr. Barnes spoke are gazed from one to the other of his companions, with a half quizzical and wholly pleased expression on his face. Mr. Mitchel appeared much interested, but the newcomer was evidently greatly astonished. He looked blankly at Mr. Barnes a moment, then dropped into a cnair with the

"How in the name of conscience did you find that out?" "That much was not very difficult," replied the detective. "I can tell you more; indeed, I can supply your whole past history, provided your memory has been sufficiently restored for you to

recognize my facts as true. Mr. Barnes looked at Mr. Mitchel and winked one eye in a most suggestive manner, at which that gentleman burst out into hearty laughter, finally saying: 'We may as well admit that we are beaten, Goldie. Mr. Barnes has been too much for us."

"But I want to know how he has done it." persisted Mr. Goldie "I have no doubt that Mr. Barnes will gratify you. Indeed, I am as curious is you are to know by what means he has arrived at his quick solution of the problem which we set him."

"I will enlighten you as to detective methods with pleasure," said Mr. Barnes. "Let me begin with the visit made to me by this gentleman two days ago. At the very outset his statement aroused my suspicion, though I did my best not to let him think so. He announced to me that he had lost identity and I promptly told him that his case was not uncommon. I said that in order that he might feel sure that I did not doubt his tale. ments later Mr. Barnes himself emerged truth, was absolutely unique. Men have large and with such alteration in the lost recollection of their truth. ing and with such alteration in the color | have forgotten their names. But I have | play the part of a nameless man for a

never before heard of a man who had forgotten his name and at the same time knew that he had done so." "A capital point, Mr. Barnes," said

Mr. Mitchel. "You were certainly shrewd to suspect fraud so early. "Well, I cannot say that I suspected fraud so soon, but the story was so unlikely that I could not believe it immediately. I therefore was what I might call analytically attentive during the rest of the interview. The next point worth noting which came out was that although he had forgotten himself he had not forgotten New York, for he admitted having come to me without special guidance.

'I remember that," interrupted Mr. Goldie, "and I think I even said to you at the time that it was significant." "And I told you that it at least showed that you had been familiar with New York. This was better proven when you said that you would spend the day at Central Park, and when, after leaving here, you had no difficulty to find your way thither."

"Do you mean to say that you had me followed? I made sure that no one was after me. "Well, yes, you were followed," said Mr. Barnes, with a smile. "I had a spy after you, and I followed you as far as the park myself. But let me come to the other points in your interview and my deductions. You told me that you had registered as 'M. J. G. Remington. This helped me considerably, as we shall see presently. A few minutes later you took out your watch, and in that little mirror over my desk, which I use occasionally when I turn my back upon a visitor, I noted that there was an inscription on the outside of the case. I turned and asked you something about the watch, when you hastily returned it to your pocket, with the remark that it was 'an old family relic.' Now, can you explain how you could have known

"Neatly caught, Goldie," laughed Mr. "You certainly made a mess of "It was an asinine slip," said Mr. Goldie, laughing also.
"Now then," continued Mr. Barnes,

that, supposing that you had forgotten

who you were?

you readily see that I had good reason for believing that you had not forgotten your name. On the contrary, I was positive that your name was a part of the inscription on the watch. What, then, could be your purpose in pretending otherwise? I did not discover that for some time. However, I decided to go ahead and find you out if I could. Next I noted two things. Your coat opened once so that I saw, pinned to your vest, a bicycle badge, which I recognized as the emblem of the League of American Wheelmen. "Oh! Oh!" cried Mr. Mitchel. "Shame on you, Goldie, for a blunderer.'

"I had entirely forgotten the badge." said Mr. Goldie. "I also observed," the detective went on, "little indentations on the sole of your shoe, as you had your legs crossed, which satisfied me that you were a rider even before I observed the badge. Now, then, we come to the name and the significance thereof. Had you really lost your memory, the choosing of a name when you registered at the hotel would have been a haphazard matter of no importance to me. Bus as soon as I decided that you were imposing upon me I knew that your choice of a name had been a deliberate act of the mind; one from which deductions could

be drawn. "Ah! Now we come to the interesting part," said Mr. Mitchel. "I love to follow a detective when he uses his

"The name as registered, and I examined the registry myself to make sure, was odd. Three initials are unusual. A man without memory, and therefore not quite sound mentally, would hardly have chosen so many. Then why had it been done in this instance? What more natural than that these initials represented the true name? In assuming an alias it is the most common method to transpose the real name in some way. At least it was a working hypothesis.

"Then the last name might be very ignificant. 'Remington.' The Remingtons make guns, sewing machines, typewriters and bicycles. Now, this man was a bicycle rider I was sure. If he chose his own initials as a part of the allas, it was possible that he selected 'Remington' because it was familiar to him. I even imagined that he might be an agent for Remington bicycles, and I had arrived at that point during our interview when I advised him not to buy anything until his identity was restored. But I was sure of my quarry when I stole a handkerchief from him at the park and found the initials 'M.

G.' upon the same." "Marked liner on your person!" exclaimed Mr. Mitchel. "Worse and worse. We'll never make

successful criminal of you, Goldie." 'Perhaps not. I shan't cry over it." "I felt sure of my success by this time," continued Mr. Barnes, "yet at the very next step I was balked. I looked over a list of L. A. W. members and could not find a name to fit my initials, which shows, as you will see presently, that, as I may say, 'too many clews spoil the broth.' Without the handker-chief I would have done better. Next I secured a catalogue of the Remingtons which gave a list of their authorized agents, and again I failed. Returning to my office I received information from my spy, sent in by messenger, which promised to open a way for me. He had followed you about, Mr. Goldie, and I must say you played your part very well, so far as avoiding acquaintances is concerned. But at last you went to a public telephone and called up some one. "My man saw the importance of discovering to whom you had spoken and bribed the telephone attendant to give him the information. All that he learned, however, was that you had spoken to the public station at the Fifthavenue Hotel. My spy thought that this was inconsequent, but it proved to me at once that there was collusion. and that your man must have been at the other station by previous appointment. As that was at noon, a few min utes before the same hour on the following day, that is to say, yesterday, I went to the Fifth-avenue Hotel tele phone and secreted myself in the middle compartment, hoping to hear what your partner might say to you. I failed in this, as the boxes are too well made to permit sound to pass from one to the other, but imagine my gratification to see Mr. Mitchel himself go into the "And why?" asked Mr. Mitchel.

"Why, as soon as I saw you I comprehended the whole scheme. It was you who had concocted the little diversion to test my ability. Thus, at last, understood the reason for the pretended loss of identity. With the knowledge that you were in it I was more than ever determined to get at the facts. Knowing that you were jut, I hastened to your house, hoping for a chat with little Miss Rose as the most likely member of your family to get information

from. fie, Mr. Barnes," said Mr. Mitchel, "to play upon the innocence of childhood. I am ashamed of you." med of you." "All's fair, etc. Well, I succeeded. found Mr. Goldie's bicycle in your hallway, and, as I suspected, 'twas a Remington. I took the number and hurried down to the agency, where I readily discovered that wheel No. 5086 is ridden by G. J. Mortimer, one of their regular racing team. I also learned that Mortimer's private name is Mortimer J. Goldie. I was much pleased at this, because it showed how good my reasoning had been about the alias, for you observe that the racing name is merely a transposition of the family name. The watch, of course, is a prize, and the inscription would have proved that you were imposing upon me, Mr. Goldie, had you permitted me to see it." "Of course. That was why

back in my pocket." "I said just now," said Mr. Barnes. "that without the stolen handkerchief I would have done better. Having it when I looked over the L. A. W. list I went through the 'G's' only. Without it I should have looked through 'G's,' 'J's' and 'M's,' not knowing how the letters may have been transposed. In that case I should have found 'G. J. Mortimer,' and the initials would have proved that I was on the right track.' "You have done well, Mr. Barnes." said Mr. Mitchel. I asked Goldie to

few days, to have some fun with you. But you have had fun with us it seems. Though I am conceited enough to say that had it been possible for me to play the principal part you would not have pierced my identity so soon. "Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Barnes.

"We are both of us a little egotistical, I "Undoubtedly. Still, if I ever set another trap for you I will assign myself the chief role. "Nothing would please me better." "But, gentlemen, as sald Mr. Barnes. you have lost in this game, it seems to

me that some one owes me a dinner, at "I'll stand the expense with pleasure."

said Mr. Mitchel. "Not at all," interrupted Mr. Goldie, "It was through my blundering that we lost, and I'll pay the piper." "Settle it between you," cried Mr.

Barnes. "But let us walk on. I am get-

Whereupon they, adjourned to Del--The Idler. HER DREADFUL EXPERIENCE. How a Boston Young Woman Came

Near Speaking to a Stranger.

ting hungry.

Boston Transcript. "I had a dreadful experience at Music Hall at the Stavenhagen matinee," said the serious young woman. "I don't know how to relate it." "Try," said her aunt. And she went

on in words something like these: "Well, I was late at the Music Hall. The first piece was half done and I was hurrying in, when a woman I didn't know and never saw stepped up to me and said, 'I beg your pardon.' "You don't mean she spoke to you without an introduction." "Yes," said the other woman, "just as

if Boston Music Hall was an Italian railway station or a Spanish picture gal-lery. Wasn't it shocking? Of course I paid no attention to her. Then the pushing thing said, 'I beg your pardon' again more feebly and stood there grinning at me in a sort of would-be-amiable way. The thought flashed over me that perhaps she wanted me to buy a ticket for her. She had on a hat that looked as if it might be in its second winter, at least.

"I should think you would have been afraid she was that burglar in disguise. mean that Back Bay highwayman," interrupted the aunt.

"Boston is not 'Cranford.' Imaginary highwaywomen in disguise are not a part of our literary traditions, dear aunt," returned the other woman, firmy. "However, I turned to the box office after looking at her in a haughty Vere de-Vere way that I thought would make her go instantly. But no: when I had bought my ticket, there she stood still, with that feeble smile still wandering over her face. 'I beg your pardon,' she began for the third time.

"I should think you would have called for help," exclaimed her aunt. "The idea of one woman speaking to another woman like that in Boston. Why, anybody would think this was Paris and we on the eve of the French revolution. What did you do?"

"Looked at her." "But she did not know who I am, so she never quailed. She only said, 'I beg your pardon. I was going to offer you of the best seats in the house free. as I have an extra one and the lady who was coming to join me at the door has evidently been kept at home by the weather.' Aunt, I came very near smiling. But I hope I kept my self-control as I passed on, though I know by the way that woman was laughing to herself that she felt that I came very near oh, shockingly near-speaking to her and saying thank you without an introduction. But, thank heaven, I resisted

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

the temptation."

Canada is a little larger than the United States. The Russian government expects to com-plete the great trans-Siberian railroad by

Pupils in the public schools of France who are found using tobacco are promptly dis-A Japanese peasant woman goes every-where with bare head. In the cities Eu-ropean millinery is worn.

A Hebrew Bible in the Vatican weighs 320 pounds, and is the largest Bible in the world. It is all manuscript. The largest island in the world is Australia-greatest length, 2,400 miles; greatest breath, 2,000; area, 2,948,798 square miles. The average golden eagle weighs twelve pounds, is three feet from the tip of his bill to the tip of the tail and has wings of seven feet spread.

Peter's pence in France used to be 3,000,-000 francs a year. In 1893 the sum contrib-uted was 1,800,000, and last year it was less than 1,000,000. In a tree cut down on the Faulconer place in Spottsylvania, Va., three pistol balls and a carbine ball were found em-

Of every man and woman living to-day at the age of twenty-five, one out of two will live, according to the tables, to be sixty-five years of age. In the country districts Japanese women work in the fields like those of continental

Europe. This goes far to account for their strength and good health. The first provision for public education in Rhode Island was in 1640, when it was voted that one hundred acres should laid forth and appropriated for a school. The Chinese Emperor has his dominion acknowledged over 4,218,000 square miles of the earth's surface, a territory one-fourth larger than that of the United States.

Paper straws for drinking iced beverages, which are superior to the natural straws, are being placed on the market, and so is a peculiar cloth paper for printing bank notes on. The only portion of the human body which continues to grow (i. e. to increase in size) throughout life and not to cease with the attainment of maturity, is the

Gloves are mentioned in the Talmud as

crystalline lens of the eyes.

being worn by the Hebrews in the time of the judges. Homer mentions them, and the Greeks of the time of xenophon ridiculed the Persians for wearing them. Guns are said to have been used by the Chinese before the beginning of the Christian era. The oldest dated piece of European artillery bears an inscription de-claring that the gun was cast in 1303. Delaware is not large, having only about two thousand square miles of land, but is nearly twice the size of Rhode Island, while Connecticut is four times as big, New Jersey seven times, Massachusetts eight, and New Hampshire nine times as large. Coats of arms were first employed in England during the reign of Richard I, and became hereditary in families in the following century. They originated from the painted banners carried by knights and nobles.

Pliny describes a boat he had seen which was propelled by wheels driven by a pot of hot water and some machinery which he did not understand and could not explain. It was probably the first attempt at a

The Battle of the Thirty was a duel, fought in 1351, near Josselin, in France, by thirty English and thirty French knights to settle a boundary dispute. At first the English were successful, but the French rallied and finally won the day. Mulhall estimated that the agricultural earnings of the United States are \$3,490,000,-000; the earnings from manufacturies, \$4,330,-000; the manufacturies, \$4,330,-000; from primes \$450,000,000; from primes \$450,000; fro

000,000; from mines, \$480,000 000; from trans-portation, \$1,155,000,000; from shipping, \$60,-000,000; from banking, \$260,000,000. The sky is whiter over the cultivated than over the uncultivated portions of the earth's surface because a great deal of coarse dust is present in the atmosphere in the former instance, with the result that a larger proportion of white light is dif-

Many razors have been found in the ruins of Pompeii. They are of different shapes, some resembling knives, others being not unlike the razors of the present day. The barber shops of antiquity were also provided with bottles of perfume and bayes of name turn boxes of pematum. On the wall of a grocer's store in Pompeli was found the following inscription. "IIX. ID. IVL. AXVNGIA. PCC. ALIV. MAN-VPLOS. CCL."—which has been interpreted to mean: "On July 25, hog's lard, two hun-Whether these articles were bought or sold

Not Qualified to Speak. Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ethel-Grandma, how old do they get be-fore they quit liking flattery and kisses? Grandma-I'm eighty-nine, my child, but you'll have to ask some one older and wiser Cook's Imperial, World's Fair, "Highest award, excellent Champagne; good effer-vescence, agrecable bouquet and delicious flavor".

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS. "Fanchon."

What good gift can I bring thee, O thou dearest? All joys to thee belong: Thy praise from loving lips all dry theu

hearest. Sweeter than any song. For the sun shines and the earth rejoicer In fragrance, music, light. The springtime woos thee with a thousand

voices,

For thee her flowers are bright. Youth crowns thee, and love waits upon thy splendor. Trembling beneath thine eyes. The morning sky is yet serene and tender:

Thy life before thee lies. What shall I bring thee, O thou dearest, fairest? Thou holdest in thy tiny hand

My heart as lightly as the rose thou wearest; Nor can'st thou understand .. Thou art my sun, my rose, my day, my

morrow: Sweet sister, proud and sweet, I bring the treasure of a priceless sorrow To lay before thy feet.

-Corinne B. Cole. Indianapolis, Ind.

f The Past. Make strong your door with bolt and bar, Make every window fast; Strong brass and iron as they are,
They are so easy passed.
So easy broken and cast aside;
And by the open door

My footsteps come to your guarded home, And pass away no more In the golden noon-by the lovers' moon, My shadow bars your way. My shroud shows white in the blackest

And gray in the gladdest day. And by your board and by your bed There is a place for me And in the glow when the coals burn low My face is the face you see.

come between when ye laugh and lean.

I burn in the tears ye weep; I am there when ye wake in gray daybreak From the gold of a lover's sleep.

I wither the rose and I spoil the song.

And death is not strong to save— For I shall creep while your mourners weep, And wait for you in your grave.

-Pall Mall Budget. I will tell you when they met;
In the limpid days of spring;
Elder boughs were budding yet,
Oaken boughs looked wintry still,
But primrose and veined violet
In the mossful turf were set,
While meeting birds made haste to sing

And build with right good-will I will tell you when they parted; When plenteous autumn Then they parted heavy hearted:
The full rejoicing sun looked down
As grand as in the days before;
Only they had lost a crown;
Only to them those days of yore
Could come back never more

Could come back never more. When shall they meet? I cannot tell, Indeed, when they shall meet again; Except some day in Paradise; For this they wait, one waits in pain. Beyond the sea of death love lies Forever, yesterday, to-day; Angels shall ask them: "Is it well?" And they shall answer "Yes."

-Christina Rossetti. A Love Symphony. Along the garden ways just now I heard the flowers speak; The white rose told me of your brow, The red rose of your cheek.
The lily of your bended head,
The bindweed of your hair:
Each looked its loveliest and said
You were more fair.

And heard the wild birds sing,
How sweet you were, they warbled on,
Piped, trilled the selfsame thing.
Thrush, blackbird, linnet, without pause,
The burden did reposit The burden did repeat, And still began again because You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea, And heard it murmuring, too, Part of an ancient mystery All made of me and you-How many thousand years ago
I loved, and you were sweet;
Longer I could not stay, and so,
I fled back to your feet. -Arthur William Edgar O'Shaughnessy.

We Asked Consent. We asked consent, my love and I, All in the early morning. A golden promise lit the sky The dewy earth adorning. The day was just beginning, The hour of all for winning;
But the old man lifted up his head
And scanned the sky and briefly said,
"'Tis nae the time for coortin';

Nay, nay!" said he. We asked consent, my love and I; The maiden moon was slender, A starry mist rained down the sky, And the eve was new and tender. The mother she lay sleeping.
Where stars their watch were keeping.
The old man sighed and bowed his head:
"She's but a bairn—the child," he said,

"But life's ae short for lovin'; Ay, ay!" said he. -Ida Whipple Benham, in the Independent. Sonnet. I think the immortal servants of mankind, Who, from their graves, watch by how

The world soul greatens with the cen-Mourn most Man's barren levity of mind, The ear to no grave harmonies inclined, The witless thirst for false wit's worthless

The laugh mistimed in tragic presences, The eye to all majestic meanings blind. O, prophets, martyrs, saviors, ye were great. All truth being great to you; ye deemed Man more
Than a dull jest, God's ennui to amuse;
The world, for you, held purport; Life ye Proudly, as Kings their solemn robes of

And humbly, as the mightiest monarchs -William Watson. Beyond Memory. "Tis not that I foget three gone from here. All things on earth are speaking still of But thou-what sight or sound can bring

earth near? Soul of my soul, can'st thou remember -Edith M. Thomas, in Lippincott.

COSSACKS AS RIDERS. Their Reputation Is High, but the West Pointers Equal Them.

Poultney Bigelow, in Harper's Magazine. The principal exercises in which the Cossacks excel reminded me very much of what I was familiar with at West Point when the boys were free to indulge their taste for gymnastics on horseback. Our cadets, at least a large proportion of every class, are quite as clever with their horses as the average Cossack. I have seen them stand on the horse's back and gallop in that position, vault in and out of the saddle while the horse is galloping, reach down and pick objects from the ground, leap with the horse, alighting from the

I have also seen I have also seen our West Pointers change horses while at full gallop, or one take the other behind him. All these exercises I have seen done not merely with the saddle, but without; and not merely in the riding school, but while riding out on country roads.

These are the exercises in which the Cossacks chiefly excel, and it may be added in parcuthesis that the horse of

animal just before the hurdie is touched, and vaulting into the saddle as the horse

the average Cossack resembles in many respects the degenerated beast which the government places at the disposition of the United States Military Academy. The Cossack learns these tricks as a boy when e is allowed with his mates to ride the horses bareback to water, and incidentally is encouraged to indulge in every manner

of sport on the way.

He is encouraged also to persevere in exercises of this kind, and to be prepared to make an exhibition of himself when as a soldier he is garrisoned in towns where such exercises smack of the circus rather than the barrack yard. The Cossack is so often pictured in the act of doing daring things with his horse that it has become common to think that all Cossacks are up to this work.

As a matter of fact, it is only a small and select portion that keep up these exercises, and these are embodied in a special section of the cavalry regiment designated "Dshigits." The Russian regulations of war order the encouragement of these acrobatic cavalrymen, particularly when they indulge in any exercises which may be turned to practical account in war, as, for instance, leaping over an obstacle

and firing at the same time, or compelling the horse to stop suddenly and fall to the ground, so that its body may be a breast-work behind which the trooper may shelter himself.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Not Fit to Join.

Good News. First Fox Hunter (at the American Meet Club)—Why did you blackball Winthrop? Second Fox Hunter-He says "hunt" in-

Binks-Sad affair, Goodman's death, 1 ion't believe he had an enemy in the world Jinks-I don't believe he had either. Why, even his relatives spoke well of him,

Too Good for Earth.

Puck.

The New Woman. Good News. Little Boy-Who is that lady? Mother-She is the head of the "New Woman" movement. Little Boy-She doesn't look very new,

A Misunderstanding.

Brooklyn Eagle. Tramp-Madam, will you please give a hungry man something to eat?

Madam-Will you saw wood?

Tramp-Yes, mum; I won't mention it to a living soul, 'pon me honor.

Stocked.

Affable Stranger—I am a dealer in plumbers' supplies, and I called to see if we couldn't do some business to-day.

The Polite Plumber—I'm afraid not, sir. I have all the billheads I can use for some

Judge. Young Wife-When my husband gets cross I always threaten to go home to my

Old Wife-Mercy, child! how simple you are! You should threaten to have your

mother come to you. In These Days. Puck. Miss Fan de Sycle-Who was it said "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world?" Mrs. Strongmind-I don't know. But

anyway, no one pays any attention to any-

thing said of the men nowadays.

A Proud Spirit. Cincinnati Tribune. "Ten dollars or ten days," snapped the

"See here, Jedge," pleaded Chiliblains Walker, "can't you make that \$30 or ten days? It is a plumb disgrace for a man of my high ability to be rated at wuth only a dollar a day." A Society Introduction.

New York Weekly. First Gentleman (just introduced)-By the by, I did not quite catch your name.
Second Gentleman—My name is Wilkins.
I didn't hear yours, either.
"My name is Bilkins. What is the name of the gentleman who introduced us?"
"Give it up. Never saw him before."

A Pertinent Question. Puck. The Deacon-You are a disgrace! A disgrace alike to yourself your friends, your relatives and to humanity. No one can ever say that I brought disgrace to my friends and family by drinking rum.

Parched Peters (wishing to appear interested in the discourse)—What did you do

Nothing to Hinder New York Weekly. Lover-You are getting prettier every Sweet Girl-Just now I am living on brown bread and water, to improve my complexion.
"How long can you keep that up?"
"Oh, indefinitely."

it with, then?

"Then let's get married." A Knock-Down Argument. New York Weekly. Skeptic-You have given me many mes-sages from departed friends, but not one of them has told me anything I didn't Medium (with dignity)-I would have you

understand, sir, that the spirits of the dead have something better to do than to come back to earth and teach school, Rare Bargains. Philadelphia Call. "Ha, old boy, glad to see you! I've How's that, Poeticus, old man?"
'Road to riches sure this time. Newspa-

or run by women started in our town. Sent poetry in. Same old story; de-copied. Sent back, 'Worth \$25; special price during the holidays, \$1.50 to clear stock. It went with a rush, and I've got a bargain day every week to dispose of a big supply."

IN FAVOR OF ROUGE. Argument that Seems to Justify Its Use in Certain Cases.

Philadelphia Press. One morning six women, whose ages ranged from twenty to forty-five, were sit-ting around an open fire. Five of them had their embroidery in their hands, the sixth was reading aloud. She was a woman perhaps thirty years old, with pretty soft hair, haps thirty years old, with pretty soft hair, eyes of no especial color, and pink cheeks; in fact, a woman entirely fascinating in manner and appearance. Suddenly she stopped reading and put the book away. "You will not like this story," she exclaimed, "It's all about a plain woman who made herself beautiful. She did a great many wonderful thing to her face, and in her methods was included a little judicious rouging." cious rouging." The speaker was looking in the faces of

the other women as she spoke, and the expected look of disapproval appeared in every face. Then she said: "You don't think she was justified in rouging, or that it is ever excusable in any women." it is ever excusable in any woman?
"Never," exclaimed a demure little whose pretty cheeks were tinged with that charming color which goes, as a rule, at twenty-five, never to return. "I don't think nice women ought to do anything of that

"It always seems to me uncleanly," said another maiden. "It is repulsive," added a matron of forty-ive, embroidering fast and speaking decidedly, "and I cannot see how there can be two sides to the question." "I do not agree with you," answered the young woman who began the discus-sion. "I am going to tell you a secret now —I do it myself?"

"Horror!" cried three or four voices at "I have always had an idea that your color was not natural," said the matron of forty-five, disapprovingly.

"Now that does not annoy me in the least. I am quite willing to have the east. I am quite willing to have it known I am not at all ashamed of it. You see," continued the young woman who rouged, "it was all a mistake, my being created with nice enough hair, good but colorless eyes, and a skin that I must say is faultless in and a skin that I must say is faultless in texture, and then to have it all spoiled by a fatal sallowness. It was not artistic. I think if nature makes a mistake we should make an effort to remedy that mistake. "You, my dear," she said sweetly to the young girl who had called the process of rouging "uncleanly," "it is your misfortune to have hair that does not curl. In your case nature's mistake is very prettily remeated.

case nature's mistake is very prettily edied, I must admit," observing the

forted maiden.

waves in the hair of the rather discom

"Now I," went on the champion of color

"do not have to use curing tongs. My hair behaves itself. But the blood that belongs in my cheeks does not behave itself, and so I make an effort to do without it." "Does your husband know that you rouge?" asked the demure maiden.
"Why, my dear child, I have never tried to conceal the fort for the state of the state to conceal the fact from anyone. I found out very early in my life that it was less disagreeable to know that people were say. ing, 'What a pity Janet rouges!' than to look in the glass and think, 'How really well I should look if I had a little color.' As to my husband, soon after we were mar ried he found it out, and one morning she went on, with a contented little laugh, "when I came down to breakfast he looked up from his newspaper and said: 'Janet, you will oblige me by going upstairs and washing that stuff off your face.' (Certainly,' I said, and I washed off my beautifier and reappeared before my good husfier and reappeared before my good hus-band. Again he looked up from his paper. 'Go and put it on again,' he said crossly.' 'Certainly,' I said, and we have never men-tioned the subject since."

The young girls in the room were begin-ing to take a deep interest in the story, and even the matron of forty-five laked furtively at the dainty cheeks of the lady who rouged.
"I fancy I do it well, too," continued the heroine of the moment. "There is everything in that. It is vulgar if it is done in any other way. I assure you, it is very exciting to know that people, men especially, are looking at you very closely and trying to make up their minds whether the color is natural or not. Just because the color is natural or not. Just because vulgar women plaster their faces with rouge, that is no reason why the whole thing should be called an abomination. The use of strong perfumes is disgusting, but we should not on that account be obliged to refrain from putting orris and sweet-scented sachets in our clothes presses."

"There is a good deal in what you say," said the fair, demure maiden musingly.

"There is everything in what I say," said the other enthusiastically. "There is as

ich difference in the way I look now and my appearance without mon ami rouge as there is between the autumn leaves as they look now, full of color and life, and the way they will look in two weeks, snriveled and dried up. Moreover, I am pleased with myself when I look well, and one cannot be charming unless one is pleased with one's self. With my rouge on I can be sparkling and clever, without it I can be sparkling and clever, without it I am as dull as my skin is It is like the consciousness of being well gowned. And now I think I have talked enough. I am going to luncheon. To-morrow we linish our book."

AMERICAN TEA GARDENS.

A High Quality of Ten Now Grown in South Carolina. New York Sun.

New York Sun.

When Gen. Le Duc was made Commissioner of Agriculture in 1878 he became interested in the private experiments of teaculture, and after studying the question he started public experiments with the plants in the hope of introducing a new crop for farmers in the South. He went out of office before he could complete the experiments, and the tea gardens which he caused to be planted at Summerville, S. C., were abandoned to grow up in wild thickets. After this individuals again made experiments, and in 1892 some tea was raised, cured and sold at a profit. The first crop amounted to a triffe less than 150 pounds, and judges pronounced it of high quality.

The successful experiments were carried on by Dr. Charles U. Shepard. At his place, Pinehurst, he has six tea gardens of an Pinehurst, he has six tea gardens of an acre each, which have been planted with choice tea seed obtained from various quarters. After beginning his experiments he bought a part of the great Nuvington plantation, and leased the tea gardens at Summerville, where the government experiments were made, with the privilege of rements were made, with the privilege of removing the trees and plants if he desired. He also secured new choice seed from abroad and started a small nursery of teaplants. The seeds were obtained from China, Japan and elsewhere, and were planted upon different soils and with different exposures. Experiments with young plants from the nursery are being conducted by him in this way to-day. Gardens covering fully ten more acres are in course of preparation now, with seeds brought covering fully ten more acres are in course of preparation now, with seeds brought from Ceylon and the Himalayas and other tea sections of the Orient. The tea from the old government plants proved of excellent quality, but his chief hopes are based upon the plants raised from his own selected seed. The South Carclina experiment station at Raleigh has since made experiments with the tea plants. At Old Point Comfort, and on the Delaware and Maryland peninsula the hard winters have injured the plants to such an extent that it does not pay to cultivate them for a mardoes not pay to cultivate them for a mar-ket crop; but in the piney woods country south of Raleigh the climate and soil ap-

pear to be eminently adapted to the culture of tea.

pear to be eminently adapted to the culture of tea.

The actual results and possibilities of tea culture in the South have been summarized by Dr. Shepard, who says that the plants can be grown successfully here, either from seed or cuttings. His crop of 1892, under high cultivation, proved equal to any of the Indian gardens. Owing to the cheapness of Asiatic labor employed in picking the tea, the cheap grades cannot be grown successfully in the United States, but the higher grades, which are obtained only from the young leaves, can be cultivated satisfactorily. The first crop of teapicked at Pinehurst was of the Assam hybrid leaf, and this is well adapted to the manufacture of black tea. The Chinese and Japanese plants in Dr. Shepard's gardens are about to yield a crop, and efforts will be made to produce from these green and colong teas similar to those imported. He says that the gardens are too young yet for him to make positive statements as to the question of profits in growing tea, but he thinks that the substitution of machinery for handwork in picking and curing the leaf will make it possible to compete sucfor handwork in picking and curing the leaf will make it possible to compete successfully with the cheap labor of the East. The outlook for successful tea culture in the South is now good, he thinks. The chief drawback is that a large expenditure is required to get the gardens in paying order. The cost and skill of Southern labor are important factors that will largely determine the results of the termine the result of the new enterprise So far the experiments show that the leaf grown in the Carolinas is better for black than for green tea. The cost of picking with Southern labor is about 25 cents per pound of cured tea, but when done on a large scale and with recent improvements, this cost ought to be greatly reduced. A merical insensity will probable reduced. American ingenuity will probably supply cheaper and better methods of picking and curing the tea, should the crop prove a commercial success, and Mr. Jackson, who had charge of the Summerville plantation under General Le Duc, and who is an expert tea grower from Assam, thinks that he can make tea more cheaply with that he can make tea more cheaply with the negro laborers of the South than with coolle labor in India. The former, while getting higher wages, work longer, faster, and are to be relied upon better than coolle

Pinehurst is situated about twenty-five miles from Charleston, and being only about seventy feet higher in elevation, it enjoys about the same climatic conditions. enjoys about the same climatic conditions. The mean annual climate of Charleston is about the same as the upper stations of Ceylon, and is warmer than the portions of Japan where the tea gardens are located. The tea leaf raised in Japan is better adapted for the manufacture of green teas, and Ceylon and India are remarkable for growing large crops of strong tea. Many of these teas are not enjoyed in this country, and the more delicate, lighter leaves, such as are grown at Pinehurst, are preferred to those imported. Many of the Japanese teas are prepared for the market in the most artistic manner, and the process of curing is conducted with the greatest care. Some varieties of the teas possess peculiar and delicate flavors, and considerable skill is required in curing and packing the leaves so as not to destroy or lose the flavor. The Japanese are noted for their neatness and artistic skill in preparing these teas for the markets, and probably as much depends upon this skilled labor as upon the plants themselves.

At Pinehurst, the delicate, highly flavored and expensive teas that are peculiarly adapted to the needs of the American market have alone been raised. The Assam hybrids have been planted chiefly, although experiments are being made with the seeds of many other kinds. The mean annual climate of Charleston is

WOMEN OF TO-DAY. Has Brain Cultivation Pushed Charm of Manner Into the Background?

New York Advertiser.

Has the woman of to-day the charm of the woman of a century ago? Has her boasted education lessened or increased that We all agree that at the present period woman is more companionable to man, taking her in the sense of a comrade, than her ancestress of one hundred years back; that,

intellectually, a man acknowledges her his equal, and last of all treats her as such, yielding her ungrudgingly place in business and profession, all of which tends to make her self-confident and self-reliant, but does it increase her charm? make her self-confident and self-reliant, but does it increase her charm?

There is danger ahead for the American woman. In her desire to stand side by side with man she is becoming aggressively self-confident, and unless she watches herself there is risk of becoming too clever, of becoming stilted, dogmatic in the expression of her opinion—in a word, unnatural, and that way ruin lies.

A clever man of the world not long ago was heard to say apropos of this subject: "The most charming and delightful thing in the world, but I regret to say the rarest, is a thoroughly natural woman." A shrewd comment.

The woman of to-day cultivates her mind

to such an extent that she is self-conscious; she loses the charm of simplicity of speech and manner. The former is stilted, the latter aggressive. She has won a reputation for cleverness, and she strives to maintain it at all hazards. In a word, in season and out of season, at home and abroad, she never ceases to remember that she is a bright woman.

It has been happily said of a French wo-man whose gracious charm is proverbial that she is clever enough to conceal her cleverness from man. Not so the American woman who parades the fact untiringly in the face of the world.

A woman of this character is never charming, and we all know that one who better still, retains them longer than a woman of twice her wit and even of greater beauty. We hear much of beautiful woman

and we have all experienced that sense of disappointment upon seeing for the first time some world-famous beauty. We fail to see that marvelous perfection; we look in vain for flawless face and form and coloring; we shrug our shoulders and go away wondering at the shortsightedness go away wondering at the shortsightedness of man. We forget that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and that a charming woman is in the opinion of a man a beautiful one.

She may be as fair in face as Titian's "La Belle" and as perfect in form as the Venus of Milo, yet if she lack the subtle something called charm, better for the peace of mind of that woman were she opelessly plain, for without it she delights not man nor woman either.

If you ask me how to acquire this charm I should say: "Be natural, again be natural and always be natural."

Youth's Companion.

It is related that two persons, one of them a wheelman and the other an opponent of bicycling, were discussing the chances of injury through riding a wheel.

"Injury? Pooh!" said the wheelman.
"I've been riding three years, and I've had only one accident, and that wasn't serious.

"What did you break in that?"

"Only a leg."

"Only a leg." should think that was enough!